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Wagner's Tannhäuser.

(From the French of P. SCUDO.)

It was on the 13th of March (1861), before an immense audience and in the presence of the head of the State, that the *Tannhäuser* of Richard Wagner was represented at the Grand Opera. Paris was able not only to judge with a knowledge of the case the merit of a work, which has been much discussed in Germany for fifteen years, but also to appreciate the system upon which the author supports himself in defence of the product of his imagination; for everybody knew that Richard Wagner was at once the poet, the composer and the philosopher of a new form of lyrical drama, which has given rise to interminable debates on the other side of the Rhine.

The subject of the piece is drawn from a German legend of the thirteenth century, and relates to a national institution of that epoch, to the existence of the *Minnesingers*, those poet minstrels of the Middle Age who preceded the first revival of literature, which dates from the fourteenth century. The substance of this pious legend, which bears the impress of the age in which it was conceived and of the people whose naive beliefs it expresses, is the struggle, so persistent always in our nature, between paganism and Christianity, between the sensual love inspired by Venus, and that love which comes from the soul, and which contents itself with the divine emotion which the ideal causes to spring up in us. It is the same question that was so often treated by the courts of love and by the troubadours of the *langue d'oc*. Tannhäuser, a fine and valiant singer of Thuringia, has strayed, we know not how, into a remote country called the Venusberg, that is to say, the mountain of Venus. There he is, in an enchanted grotto, under the charm of the voluptuous goddess, who intoxicates him with pleasures, as Armida lulls to sleep Rinaldo by her magical seductions. Nevertheless Tannhäuser sighs, and the memory of his poetic youth rises in his heart and poisons the delights with which they steep him. He wishes to depart, and Venus makes no less effort to retain her conquest, than Armida to persuade Rinaldo to remain her happy slave; but, after a struggle absolutely like that which takes place between Armida and Rinaldo, Tannhäuser escapes from the Venusberg. He suddenly finds himself, we know not in what manner, in the middle of a large and beautiful valley, where he is recognized by his old comrades, the singers, and by the landgrave of Thuringia. They question him, ask him whence he comes, what he has been doing, and why he has quitted his friends, who were so happy to possess him. Without replying in a very precise manner, Tannhäuser says that he has committed a great sin, and that it is necessary that he should expiate it by separating himself from all that he loves. A friend, Wolfram, then says to him a low voice: "Do you forget then Elizabeth, the noble niece of the landgrave, who has lost the grace and sprightliness of her

youth since you have left us?" At the mention of this adored name, Tannhäuser decides to return to the court of the landgrave of Thuringia. Thus ends the first act.

The second act transports us to the Wartburg, in the great hall of the singers, where Tannhäuser, conducted by Wolfram, penetrates and finds Elizabeth again, her heart filled with his memory. After the recognition of the two lovers and the explanations which follow, the festival of the singers takes place, commanded by the landgrave to celebrate a glorious date in the national history. The landgrave is a great protector of the art of fine speech and pleasant wit. In the presence of the great lords and ladies of Thuringia, the landgrave from his throne declares that he, who shall have best fathomed the nature of love and its influence on the destiny of man, shall receive the hand of Elizabeth for his reward. At this proposal, which excites the ambition of all the poet singers, Wolfram von Eschenbach rises, takes his lyre, and sings the wonders of true love, ideal love, *which is so high a thing*, as a French poet of the same period, Chrétien de Troyes, said. The assembly warmly applaud the noble words of Wolfram, which piques the vanity of Tannhäuser, who rises boldly, and, upon his trembling lyre, proceeds to celebrate a passion less chaste and less continent, that which simply aspires to the possession of the beloved object. Elizabeth, partial to Tannhäuser, whom she loves in secret, appears to approve this mode of viewing love; but the rest of the assembly are scandalized by it. A third singer, Walther, replies to Tannhäuser that real love is like virtue, which fortifies itself by struggle and by abstinence, and succumbs by satiety, and that it is in the heart alone that this fine flower of the ideal flourishes. Tannhäuser, who has not forgotten his sojourn at the Venusberg, persists in saying that he has no comprehension of this abstract love of the intellect, and that, for his part, he knows no other love than that which has peopled the universe. These words excite a profound indignation in the assembly. All exclaim: "He is lost! he is damned! he has left his soul at the Venusberg!" Elizabeth defends him, at the peril of her life, against his infuriate enemies who have all drawn their swords. Then the landgrave, with a stern face, ordains that Tannhäuser be expelled from his court and from the country of Thuringia. Tannhäuser, returning a little to better sentiments, resolves to go upon a pilgrimage to Rome, there to reconquer the grace of baptism, which he has lost.

The third act shows us the valley of the Wartburg, where the poor Elizabeth is kneeling at the feet of an image of the Virgin Mary, whose intercession she invokes for the safety of Tannhäuser, whom she has so long awaited in vain. Tannhäuser presently appears in the dress of a pilgrim, and relates to Wolfram, who chances to come in his way, the result of his journey to Rome. The pope has not granted his prayer, but has answered that he shall not obtain pardon

for his crime until his staff shall put forth leaves. "What are you going to do?" asks Wolfram.—"I return to the Venusberg."—"Insensate, you are lost forever!"—Then a struggle takes place between Wolfram, who represents the good principle, and Venus, who appears, like a dream, at the bottom of the stage, to her dear Tannhäuser, drawing him with all her might to her side. At length Christianity gets the better of Pagan voluptuousness, and Tannhäuser, seeing the lifeless body of the poor Elizabeth, expires near her, crying: "Saint Elizabeth, pray for me!"

By this analysis, which we have made as clear as possible, any one may convince himself that the *Tannhäuser* legend, as Wagner has treated it, does not contain the stuff for a lyric drama. No character is drawn there, no passion is strongly brought in play, and the persons who appear before us seem not so much human beings, subject like ourselves to the vicissitudes of life, as metaphysical symbols, more worthy of figuring in a dialogue of Plato than in a dramatic action. Wagner's poetical language has an obscurity, a density, so to speak, which would be suitable for transmitting the equivocal thought of an oracle; but to express the finite sentiments, the determinate passions of the human heart, which music is to invest with its magic colors, it requires at once a clear and fluctuating language, which outlines the object without too much restricting it. The *stars*, the *blue sky*, the *celestial harps*, the *immense spaces of the heavens*, the *divine phalanxes*, all this rignarole of a very inferior order of lyrical poetry, in which Wagner's imagination is entangled, can create no illusion to a French public, who wish to understand all, even what is sung to them. In a word, the *Tannhäuser* is a tale of magic badly arranged for the stage, without action, without characters and without interest, a common-place and childish theme, one of those precious questions of sentimental metaphysics, which they were so fond of treating in the love courts of the Middle Age, in the academies of the Renaissance, or at the hotel de Rambouillet.

Wagner is clearly an artist of his country and his time, who has the qualities and the defects of a period of decadence: it is a *quasi*-poet grafted on a critic, a musician sprung from a theory which he himself has fabricated in support of his own cause. Everything is factitious in him; everything is willed, premeditated in his work; it lacks the prime qualities of genius, which are spontaneity of imagination and sincerity of feeling. One would say it was a sophist seeking to deceive the public as to the nature of things, and striving to find specious reasons to mask his own infirmities. With more ambition in the will than suppleness in his talent, more of theory in the mind than true emotion in the heart, Wagner aims at the complicated, the grandiose, sometimes and oftener at the monstrous; and he seems to fail to see all that there is sublime and heavenly in simplicity.

In a letter, which serves as preface to the

translation of the four poems of his operas, published two years ago in Paris, the author of *Tannhäuser* casts a rapid glance over the history of music. In this curious letter, the false doctrines of which have been refuted with a piquant *verve* by a German musician of sterling and acknowledged talent, Ferdinand Hiller, in a couple of articles in the *Zeitung* of Cologne, Wagner gives himself full swing and remakes the history of Art in the interest of his own claims as reformer. He there ignores completely that law of progress which manifests itself in all the labors of the human mind, and quarrels with the melody of the Italian operas for not having clothed itself, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the complex forms which it has been able to assume in our days. It is absolutely as if Wagner should wish that the Cimabues, the Giotto's and the Fra Angelico's had not preceded and prepared the coming of the Raphaels and Michel-Angelos. If the Italian melody, under the hands of Pergolese, of Leo, of Jomelli, of Piccini and of Cimarosa, is built upon a harmony so wretched that one can ad libitum deprive it altogether of accompaniment, as Wagner affirms, it is because this learned melody was then a great novelty in Art, and people were charmed to hear a true sentiment expressed, by a well trained human voice, in an easy song which doubled its power. The orchestra and the harmony of Jomelli are already a different thing from the orchestra and harmony of Pergolese, which were not so simple as one might be tempted to believe; just as the orchestra, the ensemble pieces and the harmonies of Rossini are no longer like the forms of Jomelli and Piccini. Time and the particular genius of each master have successively introduced these transformations in the musical art applied to lyrical tragedy and comedy, and it is as insane to require that Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* should resemble the *Freyschütz*, as it would be to be astonished that the Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart do not contain the magnificent developments and the inexhaustible imagination, which we admire in the symphonic poems of Beethoven.

In general, Wagner's criticism lacks accuracy, scope and impartiality. He confounds epochs, genera, as well as the genius of each people, which impresses upon Art that variety of tendencies, which it would be necessary to create, if it did not exist in nature and in history; for, where is the necessity that the complicated productions of Sebastian Bach, his vast oratorios, should resemble the masses and the madrigals of Palestrina? that the biblical oratorios of Handel should reproduce the motets, masses and cantatas of Scarlatti? that the operas of Gluck should not be profoundly distinguished from those of Jomelli and Piccini? Is it not a better thing for France to have given birth to charming geniuses who have expressed these sentiments, like Grétry, Dalayrac, Méhul, Boieldieu, Hérold and Auber, than that she should servilely imitate the Italian masters or those of the German school? With a suspicious erudition and a science more than superficial, Wagner trenches upon important questions, like that of the non-existence of harmony among the Greeks, which is still a subject of more doubts than one on the part of competent men who have sought to fathom it, and from these arbitrary promises Wagner draws conclusions no less arbitrary.

One of the most controvertible ideas of Wagner's theory is, to pretend that poetry, which allies itself with music and serves as a leading thread to it, ought to have at least an equal share of importance in the harmonious fusion of the two elements. As Hiller has very well remarked, in the two excellent articles which we have already mentioned, this equality of influence is impossible in the lyric drama, where the music plays the principal part, and where it necessarily absorbs, in the language that is peculiar to itself, the purely logical sense of the word. It would be returning to the infancy of Art, to the operas of Monteverde and his successors, to the lyrical tragedies of Lulli, where the verses of Quinault are barely clad with a meagre sonority, and translated by a continual recitative, which rarely blossoms into an outright, developed melody. At that time this was enough to charm and astonish the court of Louis XIV. and the fine wits of his grand century, because, music being but newly born, they were ravished to see it ally itself for the first time with poetry in a noble action, accompanied by a grand spectacle; but it would be as impossible, as absurd to deprive ourselves of the immense riches, the infinite resources accumulated in the musical art by two hundred years of labors and a numerous succession of fine geniuses, as it would be to content ourselves in our days with the meagre landscape of the Van Eycks, who first attempted to render upon canvas the aspect of nature and the outward world.

I know very well that Wagner does not reject the immense resources of modern art to produce the effects he contemplates, and that he, on the contrary, would have the drama of the future to be a sort of melopœia inherent in the action, accompanied by the grand symphonic melody.—What does Wagner understand by the grand melody? Let us allow him for a moment to explain his thought in his own words: "The grand melody, as I conceive of it," (page 64 of his preface) "is that which envelops the entire dramatic work. The infinitely varied detail which it presents must discover itself, not only to the connoisseur, but to the profane, to the most naive nature, from the time it has arrived at the necessary degree of abstraction. It must first produce in the mind a disposition like to that produced by a beautiful forest, at sunset, upon one who walks out to escape the noises of the city. This impression, which I leave it to the reader to analyze, according to his own experience, in all its psychological effects, consists in the perception of a silence more and more eloquent. . . . He who walks in the woods, subdued by this general impression, then abandons himself to abstraction; his faculties, delivered from the noise and tumult of the town, expand and acquire a new mode of perception. Endowed, so to speak, with a new sense, his ear becomes more and more penetrating; . . . he hears what he thinks he never heard before; . . . the sounds become more and more reverberating; to the degree that he hears a greater number of distinct voices, of diverse modes, he recognizes in these sounds, which grow clearer and fuller and take possession of him, the grand, the unique melody of the forest. . . . This melody will leave in him an eternal reverberation; but for him to repeat it is a thing impossible; . . . he would have to return to the woods, and return there with the setting sun, for, without that, what could he hear, unless it were some

sort of an Italian melody?"—Berlioz, Berlioz, hang thyself, thou art outstripped, thou hast never said so much in the drollest of thy feuilletons.—Hurra for the Future and the grand melody of the virgin forest! There is a great deal of this melody in the score of *Tannhäuser*, which we now proceed to analyze.

(To be continued.)

A Draught for the Particular History of Phonics; or, the Doctrine of Sound and Hearing.

(From LORD BACON'S "Sylva Sylvarum.")

INTRODUCTION.

Sound is a capital thing, and a great secret in nature; as having a virtue that may be called incorporeal: whereof there are but few other instances. And besides the more obvious uses of an enquiry into this subject, it affords a proper exercise to the understanding, by mixing the contemplation of spiritual species, and operations at a distance, with the consideration of such things as operate only by a communication of substance to the touch. Whence the mind now called off from matter, may be rectified, and taught to become impartial. But certain observations upon sounds having given birth to the art of music, it happens here, as it generally does, that when experiments and observations are grown into an art, the mathematical and practical parts of that art improve, whilst its physical part is deserted. It has fared somewhat better with optics; which considers not only painting, beauty and symmetry, but all visible objects; whereas music confines itself only to harmonic tones; which is a narrow field: but the business of sound and hearing should be well labored in all its parts, and brought into a full and extensive history.

A TABLE OF ENQUIRY, FOR THE PARTICULAR HISTORY OF PHONICS.

Section I.—Of the existence and non-existence of sounds.

II.—Of the production, conservation, and propagation of sounds.

III.—Of the magnitude, smallness, and damps of sounds.

IV.—Of the loudness, or softness of sounds, and their propagation to longer and shorter distances.

V.—Of the communication of sounds.

VI.—Of the equality and inequality of sounds.

VII.—Of the more treble and more bass tones, or musical sounds.

VIII.—Of the proportion of treble and bass tones.

IX.—Of external and internal sounds.

X.—Of the articulation of sounds.

XI.—Of the duration of sounds; and the time they require in their generation or propagation.

XII.—Of the direction of sounds.

XIII.—Of the passage and interception of sounds.

XIV.—Of the medium of sounds.

XV.—Of the figures of the concaves, or bodies through which sounds are conveyed.

XVI.—Of the mixture of sounds.

XVII.—Of the melioration of sounds.

XVIII.—Of the imitation of sounds.

XIX.—Of the reflection of sounds.

XX.—Of the relation and difference betwixt light and sound.

XXI.—Of the sympathy and antipathy of sounds with one another.

XXII.—Of the means of hindering or improving the hearing.

XXIII.—Of the spiritual and fine nature of sounds.*

* These are the several articles, or heads of enquiry, which occur upon the first sedate consideration of the subject; and which being duly enlarged, enquired into, and the necessary experiments, observations, and instances produced, lead to a knowledge of its nature and properties; or what, in the language of the author, is termed its form. But till these articles are all filled up, the instances produced, the whole extended, verified, and deduced into axioms, it is no more than a Sylva, or bare collection of the materials for a particular history of phonics.

SECTION I.
OF THE EXISTENCE AND NON-EXISTENCE OF
SOUNDS.

Let us first consider what great motions there are in nature, that pass without sound or noise. The heavens revolve in a rapid motion, without noise; though, by some dreamers, they have been said to make excellent music. The motions of the comets yield no music. And if it be thought that the greatness of their distance will not let the sound be heard, we say that lightnings, and corruscations, which are near at hand, yield no sound: yet in all these, there is a percussion and separation of the medium.

The winds in the upper region blow without noise. The lower winds, in an open plain, make no noise, unless they be violent, but among trees their noise is perceptible. And the sound of winds is generally unequal, or in the way of rising and falling; and sometimes, when vehement, trembling at the height of their blast.

Rain or hail, though falling violently, yield no noise in passing through the air, till they reach the ground, water, houses, or the like. The water of a river is not heard in the channel; but runs silent, if it be of any depth; whilst the smaller streams upon shallows of gravel, or pebble, make an audible noise. And waters when they beat upon the shore, or are straitened, as in the falls of bridges, or when dashed against themselves by winds, make a loud roaring.

Any piece of timber, or hard body, being thrust forwards by another contiguous to it, without knocking, gives no noise. And so, bodies weighing upon one another, though the upper press the lower, make no noise. Thus the motion in the minute parts of any solid passes without sound; the sound being here produced only by the breaking of the air, and not by the impulse of the parts: so that where the anterior body gives way as fast as the posterior comes on, no noise is made, be the motion ever so great or swift.

Air open, and at large, makes no noise, unless it be sharply struck; as in the sound of a string; where the air is briskly struck by a hard and stiff body; for if the string be not strained, it makes no noise. But where the air is confined and straitened, the breath, or other blowing, with a gentle percussion, suffices to create sound; as in pipes and wind instruments. But in flutes, which require only a soft breath, the concavity of the instrument would yield no sound, were it not for the fipple that straitens the air. Other wind-instruments, as trumpets, cornets, horns, &c., require a forcible breath; as appears by the inflated cheeks of the blower. Organs also are blown with a strong wind, by the means of bellows. And some kinds of wind-instruments are sounded at a small hole on the side, which straitens the breath at the first entrance: and this the rather, on account of their traverse and stop above the hole; which performs the part of the fipple in flutes and fifes, that give no sound when blown at the wrong end, as recorders do. So in whistling, it is usual to contract the mouth; and to make the tone more sharp, they sometimes use the finger. But if a stone, or a dart, be thrown in the open air, they give no sound: no more do bullets, unless they happen to be a little hollowed in the casting; which hollowness receives and confines the air. Arrows, likewise, whiz not in their flight, except their feathers are ruffled, which likewise obstructs and confines the air. But small whistles give a sound, on account of their extreme slenderness; whereby the air is more confined than in a wider bore. Again, the voices of men, and other animals, pass through the throat, which confines the breath. The jews-harp requires but a small percussion, and has also the advantage of confining the air in the mouth.

Solid bodies, if gently struck, give no sound; as when a person treads softly upon a floor. So chests or doors in dry weather, when they open easily, make no noise: and cart-wheels squeak not if they are greased. The flame of tapers, though it be a swift motion, and breaks the air, yet passes without sound. The air in ovens,

though it doubtless boils, as it were, dilates itself, and is beat back, yet makes no noise. Flame repulsed by air, affords a noise, as in blowing the fire with bellows, greater than if the bellows were to blow upon the air itself. So likewise flame striking the air strongly, makes a sound; and great flames roar whilst one impels another.

There goes a rumor of a kind of white gun-power, which will discharge a piece without noise; and it is a dangerous experiment if true. But it seems to me impossible; for if confined air be driven out, and strike the open air, it will certainly make a noise. As for the white powder, it may be a mixture of nitre, sulphur, and a little camphire, without coal; for nitre alone will not take fire; nor is it probable that the sound should be damped or deadened by discharging the condensed air before it comes to the mouth of the piece and the open air, for it will thus only make more divided sounds. If it were possible there should be no air confined at the mouth of the piece, the bullet might go away with little noise; for the percussion of the flame upon the bullet makes no noise; the bullet in passing through the air makes but little; and if no confined air were to strike upon the open air, there is no cause of sound; yet the bullet's motion will not be stopped. So that the trial may be made, by filling a little hollow metalline cylinder with powder, and laying the bullet in the mouth of it, so as to reach half out into the open air.

I heard it affirmed by a great, though vain, dealer in secrets, that there was a conspiracy, which himself hindered, to have killed Queen Mary, sister to Queen Elizabeth, by a burning-glass, from the leads of the house, as she walked in St. James's Park. And if burning-glasses could be brought to a great degree of strength, (and they talk of glasses able to fire a navy) the percussion of the air alone, by such a burning-glass, would make no noise; any more than corruscations and lightnings, without thunder.

I suppose the impression of the air by sounds requires time to reach the sense, as well as the impression of visible objects; and will not otherwise be heard. Therefore, as a bullet from a cannon moves so swift as to be invisible, the same swiftness of motion makes it inaudible; for the apprehension of the eye is quicker than that of the ear.

All eruptions of the air, though small and light, cause the sounds called crackling, puffing, spitting, &c., as in salt, bay-leaves, and chest-nuts, thrown into the fire; so candles will spit flame, if they be wet, &c.

(To be continued.)

Cherubini.

(Continued from page 188.)

Though Cherubini had already achieved a wide-spread reputation at the close of the last century, the French nation was ungrateful to him, inasmuch as the Government of the Republic conferred on him only the unimportant post of an Inspector at the Conservatory, the salary he received scarcely enabling him to support his numerous family. Yet it was doubly the duty of the Republic to give him a high appointment, since it was evident that the Revolution had greatly influenced his new style, and that, in a certain sense, he had become the apostle of the new period by works in which he rejected the Traditional, pursued a freer track, and, thanks to the force of a genial imagination and a power of characterizing truly human feelings and passions, embodied the new ideas in tone. But the Directory, as well as, subsequently, the head of the State, the First Consul, neglected and forgot the great composer, whom Italy, France, and Germany recognized and honored.

We are pretty well justified in asserting, however, that Bonaparte did not forget him after all, but purposely refrained from advancing him, because he could not endure him or his music.—Even as Emperor, Bonaparte was unable to suppress this prejudice, while Cherubini, in accordance with his natural disposition, did nothing to

remove it. It seemed as though the mighty ruler, warlike hero, and man of iron will sometimes experienced all inward necessity of divesting himself, for a period, of *everything* great, and, consequently, of the impression produced by art of a grand style, for which reason he preferred lighter and more catching music, perhaps considering all excitement of the mind by means of art as unworthy a statesman and a general.

That Napoleon resented for a long period unguarded expressions and any freedom of behavior, which he considered as evidences of want of tact, or even as something worse, and which were highly displeasing to him, is a well-known fact; and thus it may, probably, be true that his dislike of Cherubini is to be attributed to the following occurrence:—

On his return from one of his victorious campaigns in Italy, Bonaparte desired to hear at the Conservatory a march which Paisiello had composed in his honor. The work, according to report, was very mediocre. The Committee thought themselves bound to seize upon this opportunity for performing a composition by Cherubini also; and under the impression that something warlike would best please the great general, selected a Cantata and Funeral March, which Cherubini had written on the death of General Hoche.—This, it must be confessed, was a mistake. The glorification of another military celebrity as well as of himself could not be agreeable to Bonaparte, and the displeasure of the even then all-powerful ruler was very evident. After the concert he went up to Cherubini, but did not say a word about the Cantata and Funeral March; while, on the other hand, he lauded Paisiello and Zingarelli to the skies, calling them the two greatest composers of the age. This was too much for Cherubini, who replied, "Paisiello, certainly! But Zingarelli!" accompanying the words with appropriate action. This brought the conversation to a close.

After the attempt to assassinate him with the infernal machine, on the 3d of Nivose, the First Consul received deputations from all the public bodies, &c. Among the delegates from the Conservatory was Cherubini; but he remained in the background. All at once Napoleon said, "I do not see M. Cherubini." Cherubini stepped forward and bowed, but without uttering a word.

A few days subsequently he received an invitation to dinner at the Palace. After dinner, Napoleon strode up and down the apartment, and began talking sometimes in French and sometimes in Italian, about music to Cherubini, who could scarcely follow him. He returned to Paisiello and Zingarelli. Cherubini differed with him, and stated his reasons for so doing. Thereupon Napoleon suddenly exclaimed, "I tell you I like Paisiello's music. It is gentle and quiet. You possess talent, but your orchestra is too loud." "Citizen Consul," replied Cherubini, "I have written in obedience to French taste." "Your music is far too noisy and uproarious. Give me Paisiello's! It lulls one in so soft and pleasing a manner."—"I see how it is," said Cherubini; "you like music which does not disturb you when thinking of affairs of state." This answer, too, Napoleon never forgot.

In the year 1803, a new opera, *Anacréon, ou l'Amour fugitif*, was produced by Cherubini. It contained several excellent pieces, and the well-known overture, which met with universal approbation. Besides the overture, a very beautiful quartet (arranged also for male voices) and the charming finale are performed at concerts in Germany. The badness of the libretto prevented the opera from being successful. It was performed, it is true, several times, but did not take with the public. The score was, however, engraved.

The music, too, of the ballet *Achilles at Scyros*, already mentioned (Chap. I.), and produced in 1804, was also sacrificed to its insipid subject.—But a Bacchanalian piece in it, and several highly expressive numbers of the pantomime music in it, were greatly admired.

In the year 1805, Cherubini received an invitation from the management of the Imperial Opera House at Vienna to go to that capital and

write an opera for the above establishment. As the terms offered were exceedingly liberal, he did not hesitate accepting them, and set out with his wife for Vienna, while his Emperor, Napoleon, was already preparing to invade Austria.—Cherubini reached Vienna in July. His first efforts were devoted to the production of his opera, *Lodoiska*, for which he composed a new air, for Mad. Ciampi, and two interludes. Such is the statement of M. Fétis. According to a notice in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, of the 5th August, 1805, the first work Cherubini conducted in Vienna was his *Deux Journées*, when he was enthusiastically received by the public, and made several alterations in the tempi; for instance, he took the *allegro* of the overture more slowly than it had been previously taken, "by which this difficult piece of music gained in clearness." He now proceeded to compose the opera of *Faniska*.

Meanwhile, the victory at Elchingen, and the capitulation at Ulm (October 7th), with its results, had brought the French to Vienna; Murat entered the capital on November 13, while Napoleon took up his headquarters in the summer palace of Schönbrunn.

Hearing that Cherubini was in Vienna, Napoleon sent for him to Schönbrunn. The ungracious Consul became a gracious Emperor—at least, for the time being—and spake to him in a very friendly manner. "Ah, M. Cherubini," he said, "I am glad you are here. We will have a little music together. You shall direct my concerts." Several musical soirees, which Cherubini got up and conducted, really did take place, some at Schönbrunn and some in Vienna. Cherubini received a large sum for his services, but this was all. There was no talk of his obtaining an Imperial appointment in Paris.

The battle of Austerlitz and the peace of Pressburg (December 26th) brought the war to a close; and no later than eight weeks afterwards the opera of *Faniska* was performed for the first time on February 25, 1806. The magnificent music excited the admiration of all competent judges, Beethoven and, as it is asserted, Haydn perfectly agreeing with the opinion of the public. It appears, however, scarcely probably that Haydn, at his then advanced age, should still have attended the theatre; but he may have seen the score. Cherubini was pronounced, by the unanimous decision of all connoisseurs, the greatest dramatic composer of his day. The opera was not, however, a great success with the masses. It experienced the same fate as Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which had been produced for the first time, not long previously, a week after the entrance of the French into Vienna (on December 20, 1805).

It was then truly no time in Vienna for the triumphs of art and artists, while very different triumphs were being celebrated by the enemies of the Fatherland, and that, too, with a degree of arrogance which partly drove the inhabitants from the city, and partly terrified them so much that they never by any chance thought of frequenting the theatres. Most of the higher nobility had, at the very approach of the French, already deserted the place, and those who remained did not feel disposed to visit the opera in the company of the conquerors. Thus the audience at the representations of *Fidelio* consisted chiefly of the French military.

It is a very remarkable fact that two such important dramatic compositions as Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Cherubini's *Faniska* should have been in advance of their age; that both should display a striking similarity of style, especially in the treatment of the orchestra; and that both should have suffered from the reproach of the music being too learned for the public of the period.—With regard to *Fidelio*, we know that even the subsequent representations in Vienna did not take with the public, and that it was reserved for our own time to cause this magnificent work to be appreciated in all countries. *Faniska* enjoyed at first a better fate. It is true that in Vienna it was not often repeated, but it was performed at other German theatres. The writer of the present article recollects its being performed, when he was a youth, at the theatres of Dres-

den and Dessau. It produced a deep impression, and its merits were readily allowed by the critics, although, owing to the unsatisfactory libretto, it did not become firmly established in public favor. Yet the music is some of the best and most dramatic of which this style of composition can boast; and it might be well worth while—after modifying the book—to reproduce the opera on the stage, just as the same composer's *Medea* has been successfully revived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine and Munich(?).

Cherubini remained nine months in Vienna.—With regard to his relations with Beethoven, A. Schindler asserts ("Beethoven's Biography," vol. i. p. 114, *et seq.*) that Cherubini was always very severe in his criticisms on him; that Beethoven's behavior under these criticisms was not invariably deserving of commendation—though Beethoven, even in the year 1841 and 1842, found a warm champion in Cherubini's wife—but that Cherubini, after having spoken of Beethoven, always concluded with the words, "*Mais il était toujours brusque.*" In this, perhaps, he may not have been altogether wrong. When Schindler adds: "What Cherubini thinks of his contemporary's muse might be gathered even from his communications concerning *Fidelio*, on his return, had he not unreservedly manifested, on every occasion, the slight opinion he had of it"—he is able, doubtless, to support the last assertion by his own actual experience gained in his conversations with Cherubini; but with regard to Cherubini's "communications concerning *Fidelio*," we have been unable to find anything in the Paris papers of the day, which papers a friend of musical history searched for us. It appears, therefore, that this assertion reposes upon verbal tradition, as the remark at p. 128 shows: "Cherubini, who was present at the earliest representations of *Fidelio* 1804, and also in 1805 (it should be 1805, and also 1806), told the musicians of Paris, when speaking to them about the overture (*Leonore*, No. 3), that, on account of the medley of modulations in it, he was unable to recognize the original key." For this decidedly remarkable assertion, Schindler gives no authority. What reliance ought to be placed on anecdotes and statements of this kind, related of eminent composers, and propagated by mere report, Schindler himself has found out, often enough, in the case of Beethoven.

Furthermore, Schindler says, p. 135—"that, after having heard *Fidelio*, Cherubini arrived at the conclusion that Beethoven had not devoted sufficient study to the art of singing, and, therefore, 'took the liberty' of recommending it strongly to his attention, for which purpose he sent for the Method of the French Conservatory, in order to make him a present of it." This is, however, an evident proof that Cherubini, who was already famous, on meeting, for the first time, a colleague in art ten years his junior, in a sphere where he himself had long been at home, treated that junior with sympathy and kindness. And it is thus that Beethoven himself must have viewed the matter, otherwise "he would not have preserved in his little library, to the last days of his existence, the book he received from Cherubini." ("Schindler," vol. i. p. 135, note.)

Lastly, Cherubini has also been reproached with not answering the well-known letter in which Beethoven recommended his *Missa solennis* to him ("Schindler," vol. ii. p. 352, *Nieder-rheinische Musik-Zeitung*, No. 49). But Cherubini explained to Schindler, in 1841, that he never received this letter; and, as even Schindler does not assert that it was ever actually sent, while Beethoven's rough draft is still in existence, it is highly probable that Beethoven never despatched the letter.

If we calmly consider what has now been stated, and then recollect that, subsequently, when Director of the Conservatory, Cherubini assented to and favored the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies at the Conservatory concerts, we shall find it a difficult task to suppose he despised Beethoven's music, as, unfortunately, we must admit C. M. von Weber did.

About twenty years after its first appearance, Cherubini again took in hand the opera of

Faniska. The dramatic poet, Guilbert de Pixérécourt, began a translation and adaptation of the libretto for the Opéra Comique in Paris.—But while Pixérécourt was engaged on the work the composer changed his mind, refused to allow him to proceed with his task, and abandoned the whole plan.

(To be Continued.)

The Relation of the War to Music.

It has been said that the great revolution which our land is experiencing, will produce changes in our national and individual associations, which shall give our American character a new stamp, and mould our institutions and customs anew. What effect this general proposition (if it be true) shall produce in the realm of music, is yet to be considered.

Admitting, then, the truth of the statement, we ask first, what change shall be wrought in the National compositions? Without dwelling a moment upon the various Choruses, Hymns and Melodies that we call National, we will avoid travelling over ground that has many times been thoroughly explored, and start with the affirmation, that none of our National Songs, however excellent in some respects, meet the demand of the people, and at the same time a proper regard to musical composition. There are indispensable requisites to a melody becoming National and enduring. Among them may be named, the absence of any pilfering from the musical stock of any other nation. To make it *sui generis*, must be the author's unyielding purpose, not suggestive of any associations with the Songs of other nationalities.—A national song should be written within an easy compass of voice, (say, upon the staff), so that it may be attainable by those of average capacity, both as to compass and execution; and presuming it is to be arranged for mixed voices, the harmony must be such as shall be satisfactory to the popular ear, and though rich, free from disagreeable successions or suspensions. Something might be said of the movement or time in which it shall be written; but this depends, of course, upon the subject and spirit of the words with which it may be placed in connection.—We observe, however, that words and music, awakening a sense of profound reverence, gratitude and earnest devotion to one's Country, and one's God, in view of past mercies, deliverance, and future greatness and prosperity, are most likely to impress the common mind with noble emotions, and enduring attachment. Who shall say that the wonderful scenes through which we are now passing, shall not give birth to nobler inspirations of undying love of country, greater sacrifice for its good, calling forth our heart's most ardent praise in poetry and in song?

In other departments of music we may not speak with so much clearness, for America is not renowned for the production of musical works, other than Tune-books, and the lighter forms of musical composition, such as Songs, Polkas and Waltzes. The latter have already received their impress of the spirit of the times, but we do not regard them as exercising any permanent influence on the musical growth and culture of the country. Music making is certainly a mania in this land, and a great deal is published that never should have escaped the prolific brain of its gifted possessors; and we suppose we shall continue to have reproduced, "Gen. Bluff's terrible charge upon the Vandals,"—"The Battle of Wouderton,"—"Volunteer's Parting," with a charming, highly colored plate portraying the tenderness of the scene, the music "descriptive," &c., &c. These light effusions, made to sell, are the natural fruit of existing circumstances; the form which the steady flow of clap-trap pieces has assumed, in obedience to the demand of an enthusiastic and capricious public.

But it is of the higher forms of composition we would speak; forms, which shall exercise (as they always have) a powerful influence upon the cultivated musical taste of the nation. May it not be seriously asked, if there is not in the passing events, that which is ample material for Symphonies, Marches, Funèbres, or Triumphales, and vocal works of the dramatic character? We think we may safely reply in the affirmative, and certainly there is no lack of genius to gather the valuable facts of this pregnant period, and give form and meaning to them, in imperishable productions.—*Musical Times*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Curiosities of Criticism.

No. IV.

My dear Journal,
Our critic proceeds to say regarding Trinity

Sure-ly, sure-ly, he hath borne our griefs and car-ried our sor-rows,
 Sure-ly, sure-ly, he hath borne our griefs and car-ried our sor-rows,
 Sure-ly, sure-ly, he hath borne our griefs and car-ried our sor-rows,

he was wounded for our transgressions; he was
 he... was wound-ed for our transgressions; he was
 he was wounded for our transgressions; he was
 he was wounded for our transgressions; he was
 he was wounded for our transgressions; he was

8— Pedals 8va.

bruised, he was bruised for our in-i-quities; the chas-
 bruised, he was bruised for our in-i-quities;
 bruised, he... was bruised for our in-i-quities; the chas-
 bruised, he was bruised for our in-i-quities;

First system of musical notation. It includes four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tise - ment, the chas - tise - ment of the chas - tise - ment, the chas - tise - ment - tise - ment, the chas - tise - ment the chas - tise - ment". The piano part features a dense, rhythmic accompaniment in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation. It includes four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "our peace was up - - of our peace was up - - of our peace was up - - of our peace was up - -". The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, with the left hand providing harmonic support.

Third system of musical notation. It includes four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "on him. on him. on him. on him. on him.". The piano part features a more complex, flowing accompaniment in the right hand, while the left hand remains relatively simple.

No. 25. AND WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED.

CHORUS. ALLA BREVE, MODERATO.

Isaiah liii. v. 5

SOPRANO.

ALTO,
(or 2nd Treble).

TENOR.

BASSO.

ALLA BREVE,
MODERATO.
♩ = 88.

Full.

And with his stripes we are heal - ed,

heal - ed, we are heal - ed,

heal - ed, And with his stripes we are heal - ed

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

And with his stripes we are heal

ed,

And with his stripes we are heal

church that Dr. Hodges, having been granted an absence of "twelve months to recruit his failing health, an other gentleman was created his representative, and has since remained so. It has been during his leadership that the change has been produced which is so deeply regretted, for, we are informed, that shortly after he obtained his position, he removed the leading female vocalists, much to the sorrow and displeasure of all parties connected with the church."

Instead of which, the truth is, that Dr. Hodges has been absent from the church upwards of *two years* (although nominal incumbent yet), and Mr. H. S. Cutler (late of Boston), has officiated in his place. Dr. Hodges is now residing with his son, Rev. S. B. Hodges, in Newark, N. J.; and Mr. Cutler, instead of removing only the "leading female vocalists," removed them *all*; and as to the "sorrow and displeasure of all connected with the church," I am obliged to dispute the assertion, since the Rector and Vestry are certainly *somehow* connected therewith, and it is not very likely the change would have taken place without their concurrence.

The fact is that certain visitors at *Trinity* have growled and still do growl at the lack of "sweet" solos by love-lorn Sopranos and "wailing," sighing tenors, and our critic is a representative of the class. These people seem to live on the syllabus and froth of music, and to cherish but little respect for the solid and wholesome in Art, such as is dealt out with such noble prodigality in Old Trinity. Our friend would doubtless have an English Cathedral Anthem, by Boyce, or Gibbons, sung by four "sweet," piping cock-loft throats, and as an offset, would (merely by way of freak) enjoy and eulogize some florid Operatic solo sung *as solo* (to quote from another of these brilliant writers) by a whole chorus choir at once!—Where should we find Art in fifty years, if artists should quietly yield to such profound directors?

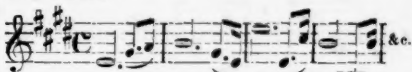
The gentleman under discussion, after lamenting the absence of Soprano, Tenor and Bass, (as I have shown in a previous article), then proclaims the astounding fact that, notwithstanding, "they have still a powerful choir *such as it is*, * * * eighteen boys and six gentlemen, (the latter, however, only occasionally assist)." This should be: "only occasionally absent themselves, and never on Sundays." Is it not curious that they should have a "powerful choir" with only Altos? He goes on: "There is not a female voice to relieve the vocal score." How in love with the women he must be! And according to his argument we are bound to suppose that if there were the coveted "female voice," it would "relieve" the vocal score, and consequently, being a "relief," it itself could not be vocal! A wondrous logician, in addition to his other rare qualifications. He then informs us that "the services," (the entire services?) "are principally chanted in unison (!) * * * * * The *Te Deum* is chanted in accurate time and harmony, and the responses to the Commandments are very creditably sustained." I certainly hope Mr. Cutler appreciates this compliment! Is it not astonishing though, to find the service "chanted in unison," and yet so important a part as the *Te Deum* done in "accurate time and harmony?" Do this choir, of nothing but Altos, (as I have before shown it asserted by him), perform so anomalous a feat, as to sing "powerfully" and in "unison" and in "accurate harmony," all at once? One's strength gives out in the gigantic effort it requires to estimate the enormity of such a combination of æsthetic piousness. Trinity Choir must indeed be worth hearing for more complimentary reasons than our journalist meant to give, although he has given them!

I have quoted almost all the sublime nonsense devoted to "Old Trinity," by this queer musical critic, which, although so egregious, occupies but a small amount of space, when compared with that devoted to other churches, mostly Romish, such as that of St. Patrick, about the dirtiest, least fragrant resort of

newly-dumped Paddy-dom in our blessed city, although sanctified (but by no means purified), by the august presence of Archbishop Hughes, his Holiness' saintly self.

Perhaps in vindication of Old Trinity against the slanders above quoted, a few words of truth may not be unacceptable.

The pure school of English ecclesiastical composition, of which that church professes to sustain a type, seems to be less understood by the musical charlatans who mostly fill our organ lofts and critics' chairs, than any other at present in vogue. They go to *Calvary* or *Grace*, and hear frequently adaptations of Rossini's "Inflammatus, or some of Lambillotte's trashy so called Masses; in fact it is not so long since at a "public rehearsal" of the Choir of a certain Brooklyn church (whose preaching having always been below par, the music had to attempt to make up for its deficiencies in pew rent rolls) I heard the *Cujus Animam* sung to Hym 172 of the Common Prayer Book!



Softly now the light of day.

Now when admirers of such monstrosities in Sacred Art visit *Trinity*, they naturally enough miss the "wailing" and "shrill" and "sweet" "Progressions" of tenors and sopranos, but only exhibit their absurdity when they proclaim their "disappointment" at not finding such commodities in such a habitation. They might as well go to a ship-yard and ask for penny-whistles, or to a blacksmith's shop and expect to buy butter.

Nor do I wish it understood that vocal solos are at all eschewed by the "management" of this church. I have heard the "Comfort ye my people," of Handel, sung there by a voice, whose tone and style were most admirable; and other solos for all the various voices are occasionally introduced with the utmost judicious taste; but neither such as the *Inflammatus*, nor the *Cujus Animam*, nor yet (as I lately heard in a 28th Street church) the duet from *Il Polliuto*, which invariably brings up before one's mental vision Brignoli and Piccolomini so forcibly!

If I might venture to suggest something which would be a delight—an extra delight—to the old *habitués* of Trinity, it would be to have some of dear old Dr. Hodges' compositions performed as a regular thing every Sunday. Such a thing would vary the music in a still more pleasant way than it is now done, and I for one, would walk many miles through a storm to hear "Hodges in E," sung again as it could be done with the resources at Mr. Cutler's command.

I hope to discuss the music at St. Patrick's Cathedral (as described by our amusing mentor) in my next article, when I can promise the intelligent reader a few more hearty laughs over organists who "spring upon the pedals,"—expressions of patriarchal organists, to look at whom "is an incentive to comply with the verb "to sing"—singers who take up the Buss in their "semi-quaver time," &c!

TIMOTHY TRILL.

MOZART IN 1786.—The year 1786 is one of remarkable richness in the annals of Mozart's wonderfully prolific career. The great event of the composition of *Le Nozze di Figaro* began and ended in the month of April, followed by its production at the Imperial Opera in the course of May, was one of such excitement as would have caused any other composer to seek refreshment of his faculties in a long period of repose. Not so with this greatest of musicians, who seems to have found refreshment in the very act of labor, and to have felt energy for a new task greater in proportion to the importance of the work from which he had just risen. Handel's rapidity appears nothing short of miraculous; but we have, at least, time to wonder at the lightning

speed of his thoughts, while investigating long periods that elapsed between the accomplishment of one of his mighty mental efforts, and the entering upon the next—investigating without being able to discover one trace of the exercise of his creative power; thus we see he would write, perhaps, two oratorios in as many months of a summer or autumn, and never compose again until the same season of a following year. Mozart, on the contrary, scarcely rested from the fatigue of the rehearsals of his opera, and still annoyed by the vexation of its original indifferent success in Vienna,—began, already in June, to renew the indefatigable exercise of his genius, and proved his powers to be ripe for the ceaseless fresh demands he made upon them. He produced, in this and the following month, many works of great esteem; and in August, besides the inestimable Sonata in F for pianoforte, duet, he gave the present Trio and the violin Quartet in D to the world. To the same year belongs the composition of the Symphony in D (commencing with a slow Introduction), the pianoforte concerto in C minor, and the one in C major, two Trios for pianoforte and string instruments, the musical comedy of *Der Schauspieler Director*, and a vast amount of other pieces, several of which can scarcely be deemed of minor importance, though they are less generally known. This everlasting readiness and untiring activity prove, more than volumes of anecdotes could do, our composer's natural spontaneity, and his genuine delight in the practice of his art; and the proof is corroborated by the easy fluency of his music, for no pressure of necessity can ever force drops from a sterile imagination, and the severest power of circumstances cannot compel the brain to drudge upon a treadmill.—G. A. Mcfarren.

Self-Delusion.

(From the *Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, translated for the London Musical World.)

That which renders artists most ridiculous is generally precisely that which renders them most happy. Can there be a more happy mortal than a young composer, poet, or painter, who looks upon his production as a wonder? Whoever tries to persuade him of the contrary is, in his eyes, a fool. It is true that a man must possess confidence in himself, otherwise he would undertake nothing. In his mature age, the artist becomes reasonable; his illusions mostly vanish. He no longer overrates himself; he feels in the full possession of his powers, and has enjoyed such frequent opportunities of employing them, that it is not very well possible for him to deceive himself in this respect. Still he always cherishes the hope of doing something better than he has done, and of discovering in himself fresh treasures. Napoleon said at the Moscow: "That is not my battle yet!" Gluck might have said the same thing to himself, in his 60th year, before he had written *Armide*; and Carl Maria von Weber, in his 36th, before he brought out *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*.

Men who have gained for themselves a high position in any particular branch of art, frequently suffer from a peculiar weakness. This consists in their believing that they have missed their true vocation, and that nature intended them for something different and better. They devote themselves, with especial delight, to some other art, in which they are naturally condemned to lasting mediocrity. Thus Gretry (born in 1771 at Liege) fancied he was a great philosopher! He had written a work: *What we have been, What we are, and What we shall be*. This, in his opinion, was far superior to his finest scores. With the most ingenious self-complacency, he gives in Vol. I. of his *Memoirs, ou Essai sur la Musique*, 1789, an account of various events in his life. Whenever the conversation turned upon his sculptures, Canova would fetch a freshly debauched tablet, and exhibit it with a smile of paternal pride. Girardet valued his wretched verses far more highly than his magnificent pictures. David regretted having spent his life in painting; he ought, he believed, to have studied diplomacy, being intended by nature to change the politics of the two hemispheres. Such a David might, now-a-days, have become a Goliath. The examples of this mania are so numerous, and present themselves under such a variety of forms, that we have endeavored to discover the reason of it. Our researches have led us to the following result. In that act, by which he has gained his reputation, the artist sees everything and understands everything; he measures all the resources it offers, and, at the same time, all the difficulties, and the latter are of such a kind that they obstruct even the flight of genius, so that, consequently, it never attains its ideal. Hence the despondency which overpowers the master, while other men are applauding him. It is precisely because the artist adopts a high standard that he is dissatisfied with himself, feeling, as

he does, in how much he is deficient. In an art, however, for which he has no true vocation, in which there is no ideal floating before his mind, he finds everything easy; he is contented, therefore, with devoting less trouble to his tasks, and thinks all the more highly of himself. With respect to the act for which he is not intended by nature, a great man is not even on an equality with the mass; he stands beneath them, and the lower he stands, the higher is his opinion of his own ability. Were this not the case, how were it possible, out of the millions of the human race, for the composers and virtuosos, whom we may count by thousands, to live in the false belief that each one of them is, by his vocation, a Gluck, a Beethoven, a Paganini, or a Liszt!

The stage especially is the home of the delusions of egotism. Self-delusion drives most persons on the stage, and keeps them there, when they ought to leave it. Men deceive themselves with regard to purely intellectual things, for which there is no criterion save that of the mind. One man thinks himself handsome, and is as ugly as night; another fancies himself young, and has a face full of wrinkles. Possessed of a voice like a duck's or a raven's, a third is intoxicated with the charms of his singing, or rather howling. This seems almost incredible, but proofs are to be found in the first theatre we enter. Let any one go behind the scenes of an opera house, and observe the slavish throng of flatterers, who flock around a celebrated singer, male or female; let him listen to the praise with which he or she may have sung! Whether the *prima donna* or the first tenor happen to be in good voice or not, it is always the same eulogistic hymn, the same *unisono* of superlatives: "Bravissimo!" "Divine!" "Excellent!" "What a gem!" "What a wonder!" "What a phenomenon!" "I am still perfectly entranced!" "Just feel how my heart is beating!" "Look at the tears in my eyes!" But the public has remained cold, icy cold, and the claquers alone have applauded; at any rate, it often happens that the audience is dissatisfied, while these false and deceptive triumphs are being celebrated behind the scenes. How can an artist resist the influence of the atmosphere surrounding him? How can he avoid at least regarding himself as a favored, supernatural being, and sitting enthroned at the council-table of the Gods, when, every evening, so many simple-minded mortals erect an Olympus for him, and place him on it with their own hands?

Let us descend from the highest to the lowest grade in the dramatic hierarchy. Under the tatters of the poorst figurante; under the well-worn, old-fashioned dress-coat of the most wretched chorister; in the prompter's box, we again meet with self-delusion and its deceptions. Were we obliged to give every example we know of this, a book would not suffice; we will restrict ourselves to one. Once upon a time, there was (as is so often the case) a singer, weak in voice and intellect, who took it into his head that he ought no longer to hide his light under a bushel, but air his screeching voice at one of the theatres of the capital. He pays a visit to an operatic manager, who, in consequence of a patron, consents to listen to him. After having done so, the manager says to the patron: "Your *protege* is good for nothing, tell him so." The patron says to the would-be vocalist: "In this theatre there are situations of two sorts; those of the one belong to artists with salaries ranging from 1,200 to 1,500 thalers each, but for these you are not fitted; as *general utility*, or stop-gap, you would receive 300 thalers, but all the places of this kind are filled up." The same evening, the patron receives a note to the following effect: "My dear N., I have reflected upon your proposal. As there is no place for 300 thalers vacant, I have resolved on taking one with 1,500 thalers, more especially as I shall enjoy the opportunity of practising and improving myself in my profession."

The stage abounds in such originals—such victims of self-delusion—which, next to the cholera, may be considered as the disease which carries off more victims than any other.

Singers of the Present Day.

Physiological and Musical Sketches by Doctor Schwarz—Translated by Fanny M. Raymond.

ZELIA TREBELLI.

To begin with the natural gifts of this singer,—heaven has bestowed on Signorina Trebelli one of those voices which we call a mezzo-soprano. It might be called a contralto; but its tone is softer than is ordinarily that of the latter voice, and its upper tones partake somewhat of the clear quality of the soprano. No matter whether we call it contralto or mezzo-soprano, our terms are often insufficient to express the riches of nature. It is an alto that

sounds most womanly, with nothing forced about it, nothing exaggerated in clear or sombre tone; it is a mezzo-soprano, of a richer and deeper tone than the soprano. In other words, the position of the larynx in Signorina Trebelli's throat is lower than common. In this it differs from the ordinary mezzo-soprano; and from the ordinary contralto in the fact, that while the dimensions of the larynx and its different parts, especially the thyroid cartilage, in this voice, are larger than in the soprano, Signorina Trebelli has the small vocal dimensions of the soprano, and her larynx is scarcely visible at all outwardly. In short: this artist was born with the small, common soprano larynx, but this has, in her, an uncommonly low position, close to the breast-bone. This natural formation explains her extraordinary quality of tone; a tone that could not be acquired, although all the *solfeggio* books in the world were learned by heart. The hearer admires a positive natural beauty, and the physiologist delights to analyze so uncommon a freak of nature. From the part of Arsace in *Semiramide*, I have not been able to judge of the entire compass; but as she employs two octaves and a half with great facility, she has a possible compass of three octaves; the singer's *faucette** register, as well as her chest tones, embrace an extent of an octave and a half. The union of the two registers has been so facilitated by the naturally sombre coloring of the whole voice, that only the most experienced hearer can detect the separation. In ascending the scale, on the tone C, in descending, on the tone B of the medium octave, the singer passes from one mechanism to another, playfully, lightly, and without the slightest halt, save that, as she enters the *faucette*, a swifter passage of breath reveals the inward proceeding. We know, of course, that the singer has industriously practised this union, but nature has assisted her industry, and rendered comparatively easy to her a process that is almost unconquerably difficult to the majority of voices. And as to the light and shadow of tone in this rare voice; the small dimensions of her larynx permit her to use the tenderest pianissimo that can be imagined—every tone speaks clearly, even the lightest breath; while the low position of her larynx gives fullness to the softest tone, and bestows power enough to fill the largest spaces with fresh sound, without using undue measures to attain such a force.

Signorina Trebelli never screams; she sings even in fortissimo. Her singing is breathing; she does not rudely attack her vocal chords with a current of air; she breathes on them softly, she gently produces the tone, and it melts away on her vanishing breath.—On this account she never tremolizes; she knows nothing of the false Italian tremolo and vibrato, she will not know it, and she is right!—No throat, no nasal tone mingles with her clear tones; her tongue lies smoothly in the lower part of her mouth, and does not press on her low-placed epiglottis, while the veil of the palate is raised so high, by means of the peristaphylinus introncus muscle, that the resounding volume of air flows without the slightest hindrance through the broad pharynx and opening of the mouth. And here, also, this artist differs in a praiseworthy manner from most modern Italian singers, who, as we have so many opportunities of hearing, richly regale us with throat and nasal tones; at least the masculine examples of the modern Italian school are very generous in this respect.

*Why should the name of this register be written *faucette*? As if derived from false. All registers are equally true; and I prefer to write the word *faucette*, as derived from the Latin *fauces*, the throat, the gullet, as it appears to me the most correct orthography. This is the opinion of Rousseau, De l'Esprit, and others.—F. M. R.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

The Opera.

In the Opera resulted the effort of Music to escape the fantastic fetters of science and the tedium of long monkish training, and to get back to nature. It was her final and successful protest against church-cramped forms. By the time that those old rigid, half-furnished scales which the church consecrated and prescribed—those Ecclesiastical "tones" or *modes*, with their Greek names, Dorian, Lydian, authentic, plagal, &c.—

had got developed into the full modern scale with all the semi-tones and means of modulation;—by the time that science and invention, working and refining on that slender stock of rude and antique models, the *plain chants*, had well nigh exhausted ingenuity in the working up of those old themes for lack of fresh ones:—by that time thought had got more free, the human mind and conscience had attained to their majority, ecclesiastical supremacy in all affairs of life was questioned; the *senses* began to be respected, as well as the native instincts of the human breast; and music got replenished from the spontaneous secular melodies in which the full heart found so often utterance without the aid of science or the confirmation of the church. Popular melodies sprang up like wildflowers in the low places and by-paths of life, in the listless warblings of the shepherd's pipe, in the warm love ditties of the Troubadours, in the Tyrolean mountain airs, in the boat songs and the ballads of the streets of Naples, &c. They were an unwritten music. The ecclesiastical composer did not recognize them. They modulated through many a natural and expressive interval which science ruled out. They accompanied themselves spontaneously in thirds and sixths, while artificial church harmony, confined to barren fourths and fifths, cast but occasional fond furtive glances at their forbidden charms.

Towards the opening of the 17th century, these natural melodies attracted the attention of scientific composers, who had taste and feeling. The popular airs, especially the Neapolitan and the Sicilian, were gathered up and written out and harmonized. And *Recitative*, or singing speech, which had the double charm, (1) of natural expressiveness (the rhythm and melody following more the free direction of the sentiment expressed, than any law of science), and (2) of being supposed to be the very same glorified and lofty speech in which the whole of the old Greek drama was recited,—came into notice about this time, and has been ever since, more properly than any other, (reasoning inside of the music) the distinctive feature of opera or dramatic music.

Man was born to imitation. The trick of fancying ourselves others whom we read or dream of, and of acting their deeds, their lives over in our own persons with an artistic comprehensive brevity, is the least artificial part of us. It is wearing the mask professedly and playfully, and with a lively alternating catholicity, instead of keeping on always the calculating, sober mask of habit which too often constitutes the *propria persona*. It is a happy, genial, frank faculty. Children have it to perfection, and they grow worldlings as they lose it. It is one of the soul's arts of self-recovery, like humor. It is a way of testing and securing our moral freedom, of getting outside of the limitations of our own characters, of realizing things from the stand-points of many characters, of cultivating the universal, the cosmopolitan side of our nature, of most vividly rehearsing the maxim: "There is nothing foreign to us which is human," and of confessing, as we ought, our portion of the responsibility of every human action under every set of circumstances. Could we expect literature and art, then, to be less dramatic than human life itself is; or the creative artist, the poet and composer, to cease

to dramatize in humble imitation of the all-wise and loving artist and Creator? Is not the best and most effective part of story-telling dramatic? And do we not find the same true of the childlike style of histories which last the longest,—witness the Bible and Herodotus? Music, which underlies speech, as character and feeling underlies opinion,—Music, which is the universal dialect, through which souls converse from those inmost intentions which are apt to harmonize;—Music lends itself most readily to this dramatic need; the play of passions and of feelings, in which souls vibrate to or across each other, sometimes chiming, sometimes jarring, becomes in her more fluid medium transparent and suggestive, in their worst chaos and *imbraglio*, of the harmonic resolution to which all things tend.

The Musical Drama. (including originally the Oratorio as well as the Opera), grew, like the spoken drama, out of the old *Mysteries* and *Moralities*, which formed so large a part of the religious festivals, and in which the church dramatized the characters and events of Sacred History, or the allegorical personifications of moral and metaphysical entities (if not sometimes *nonentities*), by way of making its dull lessons palatable to the wandering minds of weary listeners. Classic and mythological subjects followed sacred, or were mixed grotesquely up with them. Music must have borne a part in them quite early, at least to the extent of here and there a chorus in the course of the performance. But it was only when composers, outgrowing the church ordinances, grew liberal towards *secular* spontaneous melodies, and dared to wander from the beaten path of the *plain chant*, which was the subject-matter of the old music; it was only when there began to be a mania for reproducing the traditional effect of the Greek drama in the *recitative*, that the Opera developed into that unique and pronounced form which it has since held among the departments of musical Art.

These hints afford the key to its entire significance. The Opera was the first leap of the genius of Music, from its cradle in the church, where it had been held down till well nigh bedridden and paralyzed forever, out into the secular air. It was the idealizing of the hopes and fears, the loves and joys and sorrows, the social sympathies and excitements, the whole tragedy and comedy of private life. Music sought its own in this natural, spontaneous religion of the human heart. It became a voice to the good tendency which there is at the bottom of all our love of excitement and pleasure. It took up the despised senses and saved them from wandering away out of all hearing of the soul. It refined sensibility into a love of beauty, and developed in passion the divine restlessness, the prophetic aspiration of the soul, which is at the bottom of it; and thus effected in a measure a reconciliation between the higher and the lower tendencies in man, between the sacred and the secular.

The Opera makes a purely ideal thing out of a personal history. It does away all the reserve and disguise, all the common-place there is in human intercourse; and satisfies our craving for expression, by showing us men and women moving together in so strong a light that they become transparent. Passions, feelings, desires live and move and interact before us without any screen of dullness or imperfect utterance. The rude materials are all fused together in music, which

is a perfect medium of communication. The *dramatis personæ* of an opera, therefore, are so many personified passions or emotions, wearing glorified bodies, in place of the awkward, stiff and homely embodiment of spoken words, the cast-off mantle of the flesh. They are the inward history, the present inner lives of so many men and women, passing before us instead of their outward forms, which would be so cramped and conventional, fixtures of habit, and therefore impervious to the light. What romance, what tragedy there would be in many a little scene of daily life, could we but remove this evil of custom and appearance! This music does. It lifts the veil, it banishes the obstructions, it abridges the time, concentrates the interest, drops out the extraneous and accidental, compresses the life of days and years into as many moments, giving life the speed it would have in a less resisting element, and shows us spirits as it were embodied here in time and space, and yet exempt from all their limitations. It does away the friction and shows the effect in the cause. In an opera, therefore, there are very few words, and a very slight skeleton of a story. When we see the spirits, what they are, we do not want to know what they will do. They sing *themselves* to us; the story is no more than the stage on which they move, the canvas on which they project their essential "form and pressure." Could we know the feelings, the vital springs and tendencies of men, we should learn at once what their words and actions could only gradually and by a round-about way reveal to us. Music is the spontaneous language of feeling. Her tones are but the audible vibration of other souls transmitted through the nervous medium of our sensibilities. We seldom act or speak naturally. But when we do, the mere tones, without words, indicate enough. Or rather, words indicate, but tones convey, transmit; words are signals, tones are arrivals of the real presence. We know persons by their voices more infallibly than by almost any sign. The opera composer, therefore, must be he who knows most of this natural language of the feelings; and of course he must be a person of sensibility.

But the Opera meets another want. It supplies the craving of the senses for excitement, quenching the thirst of pleasure with a wholesome draught. It feeds the appetite with a nectar that is good also for the soul. Our tendency to excess, to reckless, glorious enthusiasm, which is dangerous to deny, dangerous to indulge unworthily, overflows with graceful self-recovery in the world of art and beauty. Transport is a part of our divine birth-right; no soundness, no freshness, no nobleness of soul can long survive its seasons of recurrence. This is the virtue of such music as Mozart's,—that it transports one into a voluptuousness, that does not smack of earth or aught impure. He in music, as Raphael in colors, has taught us the spiritual ministry of the senses. Through music Palestrina rises above the life of the senses. Through music Mozart bears a charmed life in the sphere of the senses. THE CONSECRATION OF THE SENSES, THE IDEALIZING OF COMMON LIFE, THE VINDICATION OF NATURE, THE HARMONY OF SENSE WITH SOUL, APPEARS TO BE THE MEANING OF THE OPERA.*

*It is in curious coincidence [with this thought that the first opera, (properly so called) and which was produced at

Rome in 1600, by Emilio del Cavalleri, had for its title: *Rappresentazione del Animo e del Corpo*. It was of the nature of a morality, and its characters were the Body, the Soul, Pleasure, the World, and Time; which allegorical personages were treated after the orthodox fashion, no doubt; yet it is impossible after what we have been considering, not to notice how accidentally the opera symbolized its own mission by touching on the problem of the soul and body in its first essay.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have returned to Boston, after an absence of six weeks, during which time they performed at several College Commencements in Vermont and New Hampshire. The last three weeks of their vacation (not an idle one) were spent among the White Mountains, where they not only enjoyed themselves, but charmed the audiences assembled in the large hotels. The leader of the "Orpheus"—as much a lover of nature as of music, like every true German—tells us he met them coming over the summit of Mt. Washington. Beautiful North Conway of course kept them for a while. They tell of many compliments (some curious ones) from strangers; among others one from a young gentleman, who gravely informed the Club that it was the first time he had heard any Boston music, and he thought it "equal to that of Philadelphia"—They uniformly closed their concerts with the "Star Spangled Banner." And now, we suppose, they will soon be busily rehearsing some more fine quartets, &c., of Beethoven and other masters for the coming winter soirées. Truly we need to hear good music again; the silence has been long.

CAPT. BENJAMIN STONE, JR., who was wounded in the late battle at Bull Run, died lamented and respected by all who knew him. He had been for many years engaged in music engraving for Messrs. Ditson & Co., and was considered to have no superior in that nice and difficult art. When the crisis came he was among the first to answer to his country's call, and has given his life away in the good cause. His funeral took place last Sunday in the first church in Dorchester. Services in the other churches were postponed and all united in the solemnities. The *Journal* says:

"The address by Rev. Nathaniel Hall was a just tribute to a brave soldier and a good citizen. Capt. Stone was wounded in both legs at the late battle at Bull Run. He lay three days on the field, and had one battle fought over him before he was removed. While lying on the ground he would have been killed had not his watch warded off a ball which hit and destroyed it. He received sustenance as he lay there from a wounded rebel who fell beside him, which kept him from famishing. He had one leg amputated on the field and was carried to Washington in an ambulance, a journey of about twenty hours. His constitution gave way under so much suffering, and there he died Sept. 10th.

After the address, that beautiful solo—"Come unto Him," from the Messiah, was admirably sung; prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hall. The closing piece was of Capt. Stone's selection—"Unveil thy Bosom, Faithful Tomb," from the Dead March in "Saul." A detachment from the National Lancers acted as pall-bearers, and a portion of the 44th regiment followed the hearse.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, it will be seen, has re-opened her school for the instruction of young ladies and misses on the Piano-forte. This lady has had much success here as a teacher, and has legitimately won it by her quiet, persevering and judicious course. She still teaches younger pupils in classes, and gives private lessons to those who require it. To those who wish a lady teacher for their daughters—and there are not many, certainly not many good ones—we can commend Mlle. La Motte.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The Bach Society have issued the 11th annual instalment of their splendid edition of the works of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. It consists of two volumes. The first contains a *Magnificat* in D major, with inserted pieces; a *Sanctus* in C major; a second *Sanctus* in D minor; a third in D major, and a fourth in G major. The second volume contains vocal Chamber Music, including "The contest

between Phoebus and Pan" (a *Dramma per Musica*); three Cantatas for a single voice, and an occasional piece: "Æolus pacified."

HALLE.—The Sing-Akademie, under the direction of Robert Franz, recently gave a most successful performance of the *Kyrie, Credo* and *Sanctus* from Bach's great Mass in B Minor. The orchestra was strengthened by members of the Leipzig and other orchestras. Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" was the next large piece announced for performance.

WURZBURG.—The public rehearsals of the musical Institute were closed this summer by the performance of a grand Oratorio, "Jerusalem," the work of a living composer, Mr. H. Pierson. It met with applause.

PARIS.—The Royal Prussian music-director, and organist at Breslau, Adolph Hesse, has given an organ concert in Paris, in the church of St. Clothilde, to which all the Parisian organists, many musicians, critics and dilettanti were invited. Hesse played some of his own works as well as fugues by Bach, which the Frenchmen found much too "simple" and "ascetic." They call his playing "Protestant and German!"

For latest news of the Grand Opera, we still read of the 254th representation of the *Prophète*,—and the *Huguenots*;—then the *Favorita*, and *L'Etoile de Messine* (a new triumph for Mme. Ferraris);—and finally again the 368th (!) representation of the *Huguenots*.

At the Opera Comique, the success of the revival of Pergolesi's *Servante Maitresse* (*La Serva Padrona*) was confirmed, being given four nights in succession. Grétry's *Zémire et Azor* was the next revival; and then came a one-act comic opera, *Deux mots, Une Nuit dans la forêt*, by Dalayrac (first produced in 1806). The principal singers were Couderc, Laget, Mlles. Garait and Revilly. Warot is re-engaged for three years. Mlle. Bleau has continued her débuts with success in the *Fille du Régiment*. Achard, the new tenor, had arrived, and was to make his début in *La Dame Blanche*, which they are re-mounting with great care. Mlle. Cico will take for the first time the part of Miss Anna. The tenor Warnots has left this theatre and gone to the Hague.

MUNICH.—A composer who resides here, Max Bach by name, has been completing Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, "Loreley" (!)

MILAN.—The music of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, hitherto but slowly appreciated in Italy, is tending to become popular here (says a French paper). They frequently perform it; and lately, in some exercises of the Milan Conservatoire, a Symphony of Beethoven, and the music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," were well executed, and excited most enthusiastic applause.

SALZBURG.—A complete catalogue of all the manuscripts of Mozart, and of the relics of him deposited in the Mozart-eum, has been published, by Carl Moyses.

BERLIN.—Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* was to be revived at the Royal Opera, Mlle. Lucca singing the part of Vielka. From the 11th to the 17th of August, the pieces given at this theatre were: *Der Freyschütz*, *Le Prophète*, and *Robert le Diable* (plenty of *diable* in them all!). Mlle. Lucca took the part of Alice, and Mlle. Antonini made her debut as the Princess.—The Friedrich-Wilhelmsstädtische Theatre has been giving, for the first time, *Bruchino*, an unfamiliar operetta by Rossini; it proved a success, and is likely to be repeated from time to time.

The concluding volume of Prof. A. B. Marx's "Gluck and the Opera" has just appeared. Ap-

pended to it are a portrait of Gluck (after Hudson), autographs and musical examples.

VIENNA.—An extensive biography of Franz Schubert has been completed by Ferdinand Luib.

LISZT writes from Rome, that he has finished his Oratorio on the legend of "Saint Elizabeth" (text by Otto Roquette), and that he shall soon send the score to Germany. It must be a curiosity—doubtless a "romantic" oratorio.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 15.—There exists the usual uncertainty and vagueness in regard to the plans of the opera this fall, and no one can tell anything about them. This one we do know, however; Nixon, he of circuses and Cremorne Garden notoriety, opens the Academy on the 22d with *Sonnambula*, with Carlotta PATTI, SBRIGLIA and SUSINI,—follows with *Puritani*, and winds up this spasmodic effect with *Lucia*. It will be an experiment, and we opine a successful one. If we can't stand three nights of opera, Ullman had better sell out. CORDIER and TIETIENS are in store for us—Cordier early in October, Tietiens in November.

ANCHUTZ commences to-night a season of German opera, at Wallack's old theatre. His company consists of Mme. VON BERKELE, Mme. RUTTER, Mme. JOHANNSEN and Messrs. QUINT, RUDOLPHSEN, HARTMANN, GRAFF, WEINLICH and LOTTI.

Weber, Auber, Lortzing, Lachner, Wagner, and Nicolai are promised, but, judging from previous seasons, will not be given. The introductory opera will be "Martha." The change from the old Stadt in the Bowery, to Broadway, is a happy one. Many admirers of German music, found the inconvenience of transit overbalance the pleasure derived. Anchütz may beat Ullman this year. He takes the lead at any rate. Anchütz, Nixon, Ullman, Maretzek:—what an array for war times!

Irving Hall, "cross-the-way neighbor" of the Academy, one of the most useful, and at the same time, uncomfortable concert rooms in New York, has undergone very important changes. After having been sealed up for several weeks, it is thrown open to the public entirely remodelled and in a most elegant and comfortable style.

The opening concert of the season will take place on Thursday evening next, under the direction of THEODORE THOMAS. The programme will include some of the attractions of the last concerts, introducing one of Carl Philip Emanuel Bach's Symphonies, and Auber's overture composed for the London Exhibition. Meyerbeer's "Struensee" music will also be performed, and Mme. D'ANGRI, and the Teutonia Choral Society, lend their aid.

The antique bonnets, grey beards, and cracked voices of Reed's "Old Folks" will monopolize the new house for two weeks, and then give way to MAX STRAKOSCH and his GOTTSCHALK soirées. Max is Gottschalk's agent, and he has a great many lines out for the coming winter. A few such dainty morsels will act as a sort of an appetizer and create an interest in the more substantial, hereafter. We predict for Irving Hall a much greater patronage than the Academy. It always has been and always will be so.

The Cremorne Garden still flourishes with the usual melange of music, ballet, pantomime, circus, promenade, eating, drinking, &c. MUZIO has composed a Brindisi Waltz, dedicated to CARLOTTA PATTI. It was produced at the garden last week and met with great success.

Church music and the movements of the Harmonic, Mendelssohn and other societies I will reserve for another letter. Yours, &c. T. W. M.

Special Notices.

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Rally round the flag. W. B. Bradbury. 25

A patriotic song, full of fire, enthusiasm and dash. The words are very singable and the popular composer of the music has evidently met them at the right moment.

The maid I love hath many a grace. Song. J. L. Hatton. 25

A truly English style of song; graceful words and a flowing melody united to a masterly accompaniment are the usual characteristics of Hatton's composition.

Shoulder Arms. Zel'. 25

War songs are the order of the day. Even "Zel'" the author of the pretty songs commenced by us last week, and who we fancied might belong to the feminine order of creation, has added one to the crowd. It has the true ring and will keep the course, we sincerely trust.

Instrumental Music.

O happy day. Polka. Miss Comorot. 25

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Another batch of easy and agreeable Pianoforte pieces by "Young America." Surely our young aspirants for musical fame cannot complain of unwillingness on the part of Ditson & Co., to let their efforts have a chance.

Twilight Reverie. Tremolo on the melody "Di pescatore ignobile," in Lucrezia Borgia. Berg. 35

This clever writer and excellent pianist, whose charming compositions are daily becoming more popular, has clothed this gem of melody in such a beautiful and brilliant garb, that it is positively delightful to play this piece. It will have a run.

Books.

THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE ORGAN. A New, Progressive and Practical Method. In Three Parts. By John Zundel. 3,00

Mr. Zundel's long experience not only as an Organist but as a successful teacher is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this work and of its great utility. A slight examination even of its pages will convince any one of its rare adaptation to the wants of beginners, as also to advanced players. It embodies in plain language a great fund of practical information on points in organ playing of the utmost importance to all who would become thoroughly conversant with the capabilities of the instrument, but which are seldom so thoroughly treated and so masterly explained. This "Modern School" must become the Standard Method of Organ Study.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

